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The World.

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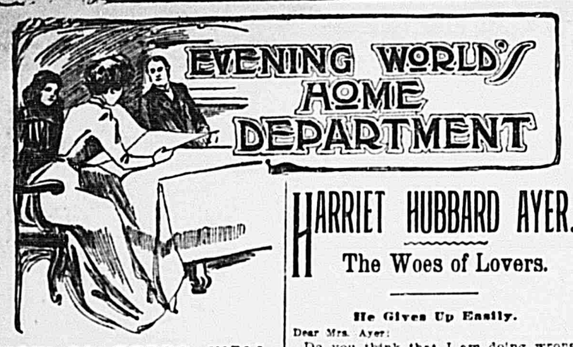


HOW TO DRESS WELL.

By Mme. Louise.

The Evening World places at the disposal of its feminine readers the services of a very competent dressmaker who will assist and advise them in planning new dresses and making over old ones. Address all letters on this topic to "Mme. Louise, Evening World Home Dressmaking Department."

Dear Mme. Louise:

I have my wedding dress, which is a gray taffeta silk. The skirt is a plain one, which I would like to alter. Kindly tell me what alteration to make on the waist. It is a plain back and full front. MRS. F. J. S.

No doubt you have noticed that I always advise a slip lining, it adds so much to the style of a skirt.

If your skirt is gored, take in the seams, beginning six inches below the waist down to the knees; then slope out again to its full width. This will give you the clinging skirt with the flare bottom so fashionable now. Trim with a three-inch Grecian border of black satin milliner's folds half an inch wide, eight inches from the bottom of the skirt. Finish around the bottom with a hemslipped stitched.

Tuck a cluster of tucks on each front of the waist. This will take up enough material so you can put in a vest of deep cream-colored all-over lace, with a border down the centre front made smaller and of a narrower fold than the skirt. Make the collar of lace with a border going around the neck, with a touch of pale lavender at the top. For a dash of lavender on front of waist get a liberty ribbon three inches wide, tack it in under the right front, near the collar (crushed), and let it fall loosely across the front. Finish on the left side about eight inches lower with a full rosate bow. Make a girdle of black satin with a shaped seam in the centre front, allowing it to have a long point. Have it crush tightly and finish with a long bow three inches to the left of the centre back. Make the sleeve with a lace puff at elbow; trim lower sleeve with black folds. MME. LOUISE.

Dear Mme. Louise:

Please suggest some way to remodel a three-gored black taffeta silk skirt with two ruffles on the bottom that are narrow in front and run up quite high in back. The skirt is cut from under the first flounce, but the second flounce is set on the skirt. I would like to make it over and place the skirt right to the bottom and put flounces on extra. I also have it trimmed in black ribbon velvet, which is sewed on by hand. Won't that show where I rip it off? Then there is quite a tear in the plait at the placket, which the hoop has done. J. WEILER.

Begin to remodel your skirt by ripping the flounce off and cleaning it properly; the velvet ribbon mark will not show if you remove it before you clean and press your skirt. Brush your skirt well with a hairbrush, not a whisk broom. Boil an old pair of black kid gloves, and use the water they are boiled in to sponge your silk all over, then press it on the wrong side; do not get it too wet or it will get stiff and crack. Any stains on taffeta may be removed with a little warm water and white soap.

Set in a narrow piece of silk down the front of your skirt, covering it with four rows of velvet ribbon, close together at the top, spreading at the bottom; have the outside rows cover the join where the silk is set in. This will give you more width around the waist and hips, allowing you to lay a deeper plait in the back of your skirt and thus cover the tear you mention.

Do not have the flounces across the centre front, but start them under the outside rows of velvet ribbon that run down the front. It is a good idea to have your skirt full length under the flounces, and certainly retrim them with the velvet ribbon you have; it is very fashionable now. Trim them either in straight rows or a Grecian border would be effective and pretty. MME. LOUISE.

FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.

To cut this apron for a child of 4 years of age 2 5-8 yards 32 inches wide will be required.

The pattern No. 2989, sizes 1, 2, 4, and 6 years, will be sent for ten cents. Send Money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

The Woes of Lovers.

He Gives Up Easily.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Do you think that I am doing wrong by calling on a young lady for three years and never declaring my intentions? I love the girl dearly and I think she loves me. My salary will not permit me to marry just at present, and I would like to know if I should declare myself and ask her to wait. Do you think that I am keeping her out of other young people's company by my actions? She never goes out with any other young man. I am twenty-three. EDWARD.

YES, I think you certainly should have a frank talk with this girl, telling her that you love her and let her decide whether she will wait for you or shall consider herself free to accept the attentions of other men.

With the love of a good girl as an incentive you should be able to work so hard and industriously that your salary will increase.

I have not much patience with a man who settles down at twenty-three and regards the future as hopelessly as you appear to do. The man who knows how and is willing to work hard enough and to devote his best efforts to his business and to the interests of his employer and the advancement of his enterprise does not fail to get to the front.

Hopelessness and apathy do not belong to youth and health.

Do you really think you love the girl? If you do I think you should hustle in a business way with the object of earning money enough to marry her.

All in the Family.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I have been going with a young lady who is three years my senior (I am twenty-four) for about seven months. I took her to parties and other amusements, but if I did not take her she would be sure to go with some other gentleman. One night I had an engagement to call at her home; but she sent me a note telling me she had company and could not see me. But I saw her out walking with a young man. She has never said a word about it nor have I. But since then I have taken quite a fancy to her younger sister, who is two years my junior. I have asked leave to call on her steady, and she says I can. Do you think it proper for me to call on her? EDWARD.

IF your relations have ceased with the older sister, and the younger one cares to accept your attentions, I cannot see why you should not transfer them to her.

It has very often happened that a man imagined himself in love with an older sister, but, as in your case, discovered later that the younger member of the family was more attractive. Obviously, the elder girl prefers another man to you.

He Is Prompt, but Does Not Write.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am a young lady, and have been keeping company with a young gentleman who is about five years my senior. When he is with me he shows a great deal of affection, and among a party of people he always jollies the girls who are trying their best to cut me out. When out of town he is very prompt in writing to me, but I have not heard from him in two weeks. Will you kindly advise me what to do to find out the reason why he has not written? LONELY ONE.

YOUR letter is contradictory. You say the young man is prompt in writing you, but complain that you have not heard from him in two weeks. If you are on such terms that you correspond with this young gentleman you might with propriety write him a letter and ask him why you have not heard from him.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Chinese Puzzle.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I sent a shirt to the laundry which cost me $2. The laundry lost the shirt. To have it laundered cost 9 cents. How much must the laundry pay me, readers? I claim $2. The laundry claims it will only pay $1.91, deducting the laundry bill of 9 cents. Which is right, readers? JOHN SHIELDS.

As to Punishment.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"Doubtful" asks "If a saucy girl of fifteen is too old to be punished? I beg to say that she is not. I would certainly try any remedy by which to break her of sauciness. If she happens to be too big to whip, try some other means. Let me suggest that "Doubtful's" daughter could be cured of her sauciness by being shut up in a dark room or else forced to stay away from all amusements. Try this, "Doubtful!" ANONYMOUS.

"A Grand Opportunity."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What a grand opportunity is afforded our newly elected city officials to do something great for Greater New York. Having everything—Legislature, &c.—in their own hands, what a chance for home rule and other requirements, and the showing of good example to their political successors. We have become the cynosure of the civilized world. New York is the pioneer city, the gem of the ocean, the haven of the plutocrat and peasant, the citadel of democracy. J. McCORMACK.

Railroad Fare Affects Them.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reply to Mrs. C. P. Brentwood's letter I would like to say that the poor people do not complain about the place at Central Islip for the insane, but of the railway fare, which they find it very hard to pay. The place is beyond a doubt beautiful, but the fare is the question which the poor people are fighting against. ANNA ROGERS.

Scores Man Who Objects to Tip System.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reply to "Victim," who objects to the tipping system, I would like to tell him to be ashamed of himself to complain about giving a tip to a waiter. He is not compelled to give any tip, but if anybody else desires to do so I don't think it will hurt "Mr. Victim," and, therefore, he has no right to ask others not to tip the waiter. I have been a waiter myself and gave up waiting on that account—because I met too many "Victims." I beg all those having the service of a waiter to tip him, providing he is polite. Don't listen to such rubbish as "Victim" talks about. TIPPER.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE NEWS.

Acting Captain Churchill is said to have "a square jaw." Square jaws are an essential part of the physical equipment of the man of executive ability. Look at Croker's and remember Grant's, and recall their presence as a predominating facial feature in most men of action, even to Hobson and the young giants who rush a football across the field. There is a story of Carlyle discoursing eloquently on this topic in a gallery of Greek sculpture, where the chins of the statues had been rounded gracefully to satisfy artistic requirements. Churchill with his jaw, his sharp tongue and his kangaroo agility, acquired in the sudden shifts of the Devery days, is apparently well equipped for effective work.

Prof. Schneider, of the Northwestern University, says that the stiff white shirt bosom of masculine attire is a survival of the bronze breastplate of the ancient Romans. All articles of personal adornment, the Professor says, had their origin in the decorative tastes of primitive barbarians—plumed hats and fur boas as well. Perhaps the boa is a symbolic survival of the early days in Eden.

"Von Flatzensharps is singing 'Let Me Like a Soldier Die!'"

"If I had my gun with me I'd oblige him, all right."

In Marinette, Wis., a deer broke into Mrs. Maluay's kitchen, smashed the dishes, demolished furniture and then took to the woods. It might naturally be supposed to have been a Jerome deer pursuing a Doe, but it was really a doe eluding the pursuit of a hunter.

It looks as if a bigger man than old McGurk has arisen in the Fifth street precinct. The abolition of "Suicide Hall" alone would entitle Acting Captain Churchill to go higher up.

One of the things the Mexicans objected to in the American delegates to the Pan-American Congress was their informal and unsuitable attire. Clothes have always cut a large figure in diplomacy. There are those who believe that the tact of the World's Fair diplomat who wore a dress suit to an official breakfast and shocked American social proprieties was ultimately responsible for the large crop of ribbons of the Legion of Honor subsequently bestowed on illustrious Chicagoans by the French Government.

"I hear that chrysanthemums were unknown in this country fifty years ago."

"Then what did football players use to model their haircuts after?"

Ten of the twenty-two brawny young men who fought for the glory of Harvard and the honor of old Yale on the football field at Cambridge Saturday are more than six feet tall, with an average weight of nearly 200 pounds, and three of them are twenty-eight years old. The college "boy," as the audience sees him, compares favorably in maturity and robustness with an infant industry. When he attains his full growth he will be as fine a testimonial to the trainer's skill as a prize chrysanthemum is to the florist's.

Between the newest Vanderbilt baby and the grim old Commodore there are four generations of multiplied millions, with the shirt-sleeves epoch long overdue and apparently obsolete. Maxims made for plain millionaires in the long ago are out of date in the approaching billionaire era. The $60,000,000 to which this baby is heir will have swelled to a round hundred million and more when he attains his majority. But will there be a little Rockefeller boy on the scene then with a full billion to lord it over young Vanderbilt or a Morgan youth to feel swagger with steel plants and ocean steamships as playthings?

"Do you really mean that a respectable club gave a man a medal for his proficiency in stealing?"

"Yes. It was the Swattem Baseball Club. The man made a record this year in stealing bases."

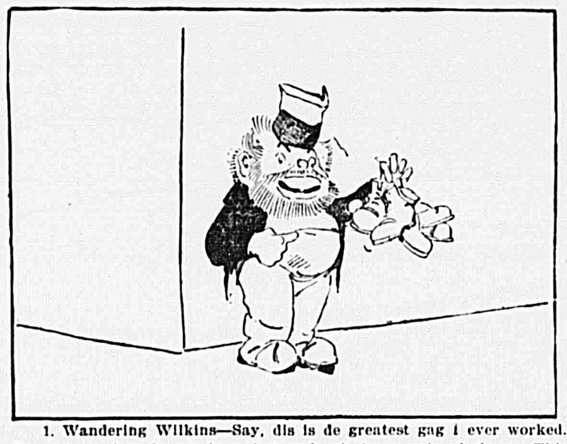
The commuter, "C. H. J.," who writes to The Evening World that he will be obliged to sell his house and leave town because the "nine-five" express no longer stops at his station may avert this step if he will cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the road's general manager or buy enough of its stock to become one of the Board of Directors. There is no other way for him. It is only city people before they take up their residence in the country who are so ingenuous as to suppose that suburban roads are run for commuters. As a case in point: For nine months in the year the Lackawanna road has a morning express known as "the eight forty-five" serving Summit. During June, July and August the train makes no stop there. Three or four millionaire bondholders are then "in residence" at Bernardsville, a station further out, and the express is rushed through for their comfort to the inconvenience of a hundred commuters. The Summit commuter, being a philosopher from force of circumstances, has ceased to kick at this injustice.

"A woman is only as old as she looks."

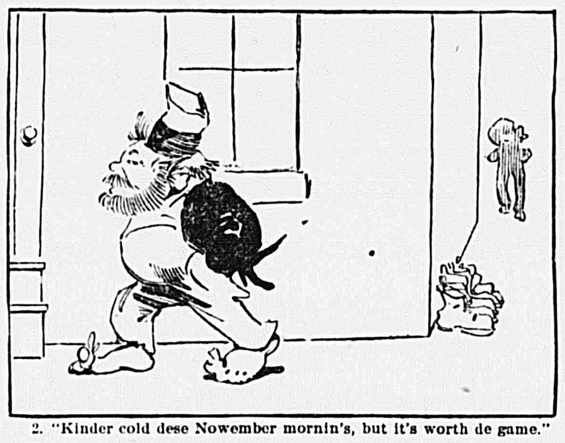
"You poor thing!"

THE BITER BITTEN.

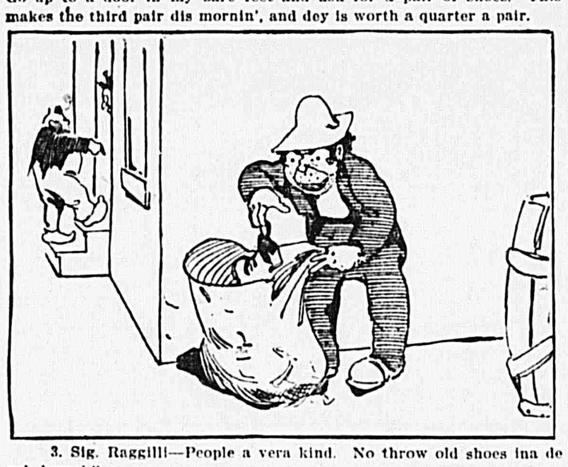
SUGGESTION BY F. M. HOWARTH.



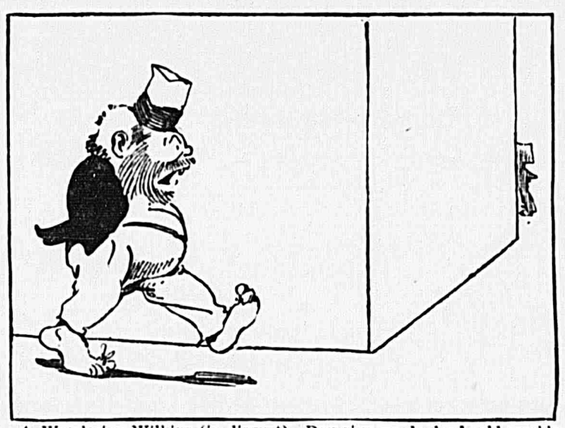
1. Wandering Wilkins—Say, dis is de greatest gag I ever worked. Go up to a door in my bare feet and ask for a pair of shoes. This makes the third pair dis mornin', and dey is worth a quarter a pair.



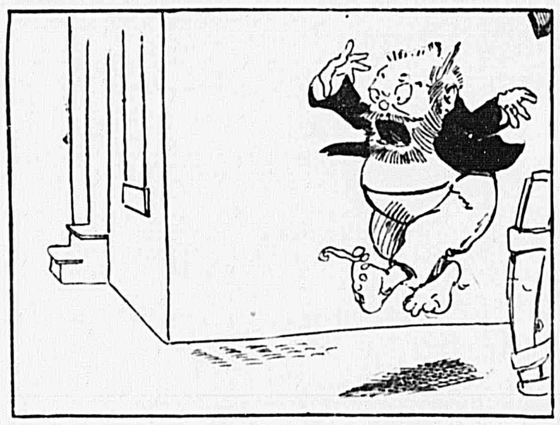
2. "Kinder cold dese Nowember mornin's, but it's worth de game."



3. Sig. Raggilli—People a vera kind. No throw old shoes ina de ash barrel."



4. Wandering Wilkins (in disgust)—Dey give me de dead cold marble heart. Dat's de werry first time dis scheme didn't work.



5. Wandering Wilkins—! ! ! **** ?? *!*!*!

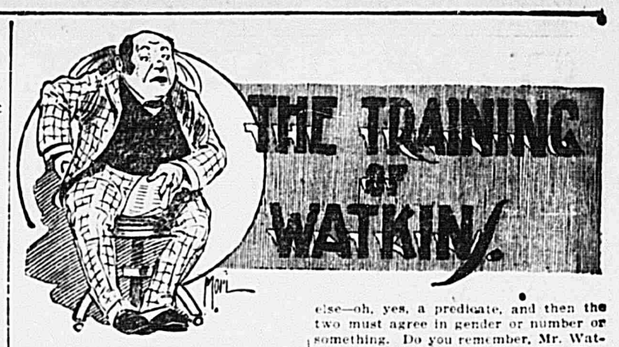
6. Wandering Wilkins—If it hadn't been for dem pieces of carpet in dat barrel I'd a had chilblains by dis time.

A MODIFIED OPINION.

De Clerk—It's a nuisance, this publishing portraits of rank nobodies in the newspapers.

The Old Man—Oh, I don't know. I can't say I see anything so very wrong about it.

De Clerk (seeing the other side of his paper)—Well, er—of course, sir, it depends on whose picture it is.



A string of candidates as long as the moral law had been weighed in Watkins's finely adjusted mental balances and found woefully wanting, says the Chicago News.

"'What I want,' said Watkins, 'is a young woman of pleasing exterior, who can take down every syllable I utter and reproduce a verbatim transcript of it in perfect English.'

On the surface that seemed reasonable enough, but after you had heard Watkins dictate for half an hour you entertained a different view. Watkins prided himself on his fluency, but Watkins's fluency was not the fluency of the brook that goes calmly and evenly through the valley; it was the fluency of the mountain torrent which dashes this way and that, which stops suddenly and begins unexpectedly in a new place. Undoubtedly in his own thought Watkins connected these breaks, but mind-reading not being in the curriculum of the ordinary business college the average stenographer failed to "connect" to Watkins's satisfaction. Watkins's grammar was as unique and erratic as was his style of utterance. However, he never took these things into account and expected all his numerous and voluminous productions to be handed in to him typographically, syntactically, rhetorically and historically perfect.

Watkins's reputation spread among the stenographic fraternity and Miss Elizabeth Halliburton heard of him. Miss Elizabeth Halliburton was an "in-the-world-for-a-purpose" young woman, a born reformer, but she didnt wear the uniform. What you saw was a stylish, well-bred young woman; the reform machinery was concealed beneath a tailor-made exterior. Her general mission was humanity; her specialty, mankind.

Monday morning Miss Elizabeth Halliburton took the initial steps toward Watkins's reformation. His desk was piled high with correspondence and Watkins plunged in. Matters had not progressed far when Watkins's subjects were found to be wildly in pursuit of predicates, with the chances that when united the two would entirely fail to agree. As Watkins paused for breath on the edge of one of these grammatical precipices Miss Elizabeth Halliburton, with her $12-a-week voice, meekly inquired: "Oh, Mr. Watkins, something just occurs to me, and would you mind stopping to tell me? It's some rules in English composition that my brother Johnnie wanted to find out about; it's something about a complete sentence requiring both a subject and something else—oh, yes, a predicate, and then the two must agree in gender or number or something. Do you remember, Mr. Watkins?" Watkins remembered. "Yes, that's it. Thank you so much, Mr. Watkins."

If the confusion of Watkins's thought became a trifle worse confounded than usual Miss Elizabeth Halliburton would break in ecstatically: "Oh, Mr. Watkins, that was a fine period! Let me read it to you. Really, Mr. Watkins, your style reminds me so much of Robert Browning—you are so obscure. Do you think, Mr. Watkins, that your correspondent possesses the poetic understanding?" Watkins was forced to admit that the correspondent probably did not, and so he simplified his construction.

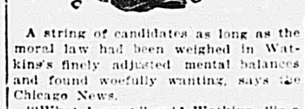
Before the end of the week Watkins found himself in sleeping and waking hours unconsciously parsing sentences, declining Latin adjectives and recalling the rule for this and that.

The second Friday Miss Elizabeth Halliburton handed in her resignation. Mr. Watkins called her into his private office and said: "Really, Miss Halliburton, I cannot allow you to leave us. If salary is any inducement name the figure."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Watkins: so kind of you, but I cannot stay longer. My services are so needed in other fields. I am glad I have given such satisfaction and with your consent I shall be most glad to use you as a reference." Then, with a swish of silken skirts, the tailor-made presence vanished, leaving Mr. Watkins gazing in bewilderment at a neatly engraved card which read:

MISS ELIZABETH HALLIBURTON,
Head Professor Twentieth Century Business College.

Employers trained in two weeks. Special course in "How to Dictate." Satisfactory results guaranteed. Terms reasonable.



GOLDEN RULE IDEAS.

Secretary Hay's idea seems to be that any nation which finds the Golden Rule and the Monroe Doctrine contrary to its constitution and by-laws cannot do business with us.—Chicago News.

ODD HABITS.

"There are a number of odd and useless habits," said a physician, "that are much commoner than you would suppose. One of these is the habit of counting the steps in the flights that you ascend and descend. Another very common habit is the one of stepping carefully over the cracks in a flagstone pavement. Nearly all boys have this habit, and, though they partially outgrow it, it returns to them from time to time throughout their life. Touching all the iron posts you pass is still another habit. This Dr. Samuel Johnson had, and it has been cited as a proof of a certain unsoundness in his mind; but if the men who cited it had looked into the matter they would have found that there are thousands beside Dr. Johnson who like to touch iron posts. All these habits are the vestiges left in us, perhaps, of the primitive man. They are the signs of a primitive curiosity and of a primitive fear. We avoid the cracks in the pavement because who knows what may lie beneath them? We count the steps in our flights of stairs so that when the day of peril comes we can ascend or descend them in the dark safely. We touch iron posts because we are children—mere curious, primitive children—in some secret, cobwebbed corner of our brain."—Philadelphia Record.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Twenty-five women have been elected to office in Colorado and the husbands of the women are doubtless certain that woman suffrage is a success.—Chicago New

Kathryn Kidder hopes there may be truth in the old saw about "bad beginnings." First Miss Kidder was run through the shoulder while rehearsing a sword combat with Olive Oliver; next her leading man, Charles Kennedy, was badly hurt by the explosion of a cannon during a performance of the "Mollie Pitcher" piece. Miss Kidder now waits in fear and trembling for the third accident which is supposed to be inevitable.

• • •

Ethel Brandon has returned to her old part in the "Two Little Vagrants." Miss Brandon is a clever actress, and her performance of the injured wife and mother in this pretty play is sympathetic and delightful.

• • •

Elsie De Wolfe's dressing-room at the Victoria is sweetly, brightly, beautifully pink. Pink is Miss De Wolfe's favorite color. The walls of this room are hung with chintz, over which sprawls an unconventional design in roses and leaves against a ground of pink and white. A really truly cozy corner, with heaps of pink pillows, is a feature of the room, and there is a writing desk and a pretty toilet table with pink and white draperies. No wonder Miss De Wolfe never has "the blues." JANE GORDON.

Albert's parents were so wealthy that they often hired a man at $1.75 per day to count their Money for them. There was nothing Albert wanted that he did not get so quickly and easily that there was no Fun in wanting Anything. He missed all the Joy of being refused Anything, and so was fretting his frail little Life away trying to desire Something that he could not get.

Finally he decided that he wanted an Automobile. He thought that would be the Limit. Again he was disappointed. There was one at the Front Door for him next Morning.

The blow almost prostrated Albert, but after crying about it quite a Spell he decided to get even with his Parents by making them believe that he was overjoyed with their Gift. He hit upon the Idea of going out in the Auto for a spin on the nice Asphalt. It took some of the Edge off his Revenge by finding a lonely Chauffeur in charge to steer the Machine for him and keep it strictly on the Right of Way. Albert kicked and scratched some, but the Chaffeur had not been educated to humor Albert, and stupidly attended to all the Manipulation.

About two miles beyond the first Tollgate, on the stone pike, the gasoline gave out and the Auto was stopped going "pfut, pfut."

Just then Caspar Mikelsnitz, the Market Gardener's ragged little boy, came along, shoving a battered Wheelbarrow half full of frozen Turnips. Albert had often had a strong Hunch that Caspar was entirely too common to play with.

"Get in and ride back to town," Caspar said, with a Grin that displayed a set of Teeth that could not do a Thing to a Juicy Beefsteak.

Albert seated himself in the Wheelbarrow and was trundled home, and had more fun than a Barrel of Monkeys.

Moral—It is the unusual joy that is keenest.—Cincinnati Post.